

THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"A safe COMPANION, and an EASY Friend."—Pope.—

VOL. I.

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No. 42.

THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE
HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF
THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

BY THE EASY CLUB.

*Peace be to those (such peace as earth can give)
Who live in pleasure, dead ev'n while they live;
Born capable, indeed, of heav'nly truth;
But down to latest age, from earliest youth,
Their mind a wilderness through want of care,
The plough of wisdom never ent'ring there.*

COWPER.

THE subject of the essay signed CATO in the last Companion, is of so much importance to society, that we think it cannot be too strongly impressed on the minds of our youthful readers, who are most liable to be infected with that false shame which makes them fear to be thought religious, lest they should be laughed at by their associates; and unfortunately the force of ridicule on young minds, is too generally more powerful than reason; and extends even to preventing them from reading any book written avowedly on a moral, or religious subject, as that would be considered a proof of their unfashionable attachment to religion; a circumstance which makes this evil the more dangerous and difficult to remedy.

But, as there are many young men who would be ashamed if caught reading the Bible, or a book of sermons, and yet are desirous of being able to inform the ladies what is contained in the "Companion," so as to make it a subject of discourse; and others who dread to attempt to read a large book, and yet can take time once a-week to read a short essay, merely because it is short: we hope that at least some of those who act under the guidance of that false shame and absurd fear, will be apprized of their danger, and be induced to think seriously and correctly on the subject. And would our fair readers assist us to make religion fashionable, by refusing to admit into their parlours, or to associate with such young men as are in the habit of treating religion and religious exercises with ridicule

and contempt; we should have no doubt of effecting in a short time a reformation in our youth, of the most essential benefit to themselves and to society.

The following letter on this subject is from a respectable correspondent, who is not ashamed to have it known, that he considers the service of his Maker as the most important object of life, and one to which all other considerations should give place. As we believe it will not interfere with the plan proposed by our friend CATO, we give it with pleasure a place in this day's Companion.

Mr. Easy,

HAPPENING to call the other day at a public house in this city, I perceived at one corner of the room sitting round a table, a number of young gentlemen, who seemed to be engaged in an animated conversation. After having spoken a few words to the landlord on the business which caused my visit to his house, I drew near the corner, where these young gentry—in their own phrase—were enjoying themselves. The topic of their conversation which principally attracted my notice, was the fashions of the day. Some contended that the present taste was by no means suited to the times, and that it was susceptible of still greater refinement and beauty. Some said, they would have things quite otherwise, and animadverted much on the foolish style and unpolished taste of our forefathers. Some remarked, that the introduction of new fashions was very much disliked by their parents who, being religious, wished them to become religious also. These ideas were immediately taken up by two or three of these young folks, who observed, they would not be thought religious for all the world—they should have to forego not only all the refined and innocent pleasures of the world, but also the esteem of those of their respectable friends, with whom they had formerly associated; and as for religion, there was time enough to get it, when they became older. I was awfully surprized at the insinuations last

thrown out, by these *great* men of the world. I took my leave, and left them to enjoy their iniquitous mirth. On my return to my family, I pursued my reflections on what I had seen and heard, and now beg leave through the medium of your useful Companion to offer the following address to the serious consideration of youth in general—but to our young heroes in sin in particular.

Actuated by the most tender concern for your eternal happiness, I would entreat you, my young friends, while the fascinating charms of pleasure allure you, and the amusements and gaities of the present world engross the principal part of your time and attention, to consider with all the seriousness which the subject demands, your situation as sinners, involved in the guilt of your first parents, and under the condemnation of the law of God; I would conjure you to reflect on the uncertainty of all terrestrial objects, to “remember your Creator in the days of your youth,” and listen to the voice of the heavenly Charmer, whose invitations and offers of mercy and pardon are conveyed in the most endearing and affectionate language, admirably calculated to engage your affections, and raise your ideas from this grovelling world, to those pure joys, which flow “fast by the throne of God.” But to enjoy this amazing privilege, you must attend to religious pursuits. Religion promotes industry; industry gains respect; respect gains recommendation; recommendation gains business; business gains wealth: and thus religion of itself leads to prosperity. But on the contrary, vice promotes idleness; idleness brings reproach; reproach cuts off recommendation; and want of recommendation stagnates business: and thus a wretched poverty often falls to the lot of the ungodly. Could we enter into the abodes of thousands, and ask, what has clothed their children in rags? what has caused them to part with their furniture? what has painted misery in their countenances, and rendered them destitute of the comforts of life? what, if the truth were spoken, would be the answer? Was it religion? was it honesty? was it temperance? was it industry that did all this? No, it was the want of these. It was vice that led to these dreadful scenes! Surely, “the way of transgressors is hard.”

Sin may promise much; but her steps are marked with infamy: she leads in a flowry path; but the end is briars and thorns: she points indeed to the temple of honour; but her votaries return with disgrace. Sin carries hell and death with it. Say not, then, that your life is a life of pleasure, and your death a death of triumph; that God is to be discarded, religion despised, and your soul neglected; for in your conscience now, on your countenance in the

day of judgement, shall this sentence be written—“The way of transgressors is hard.”

Surely, sin is not that delightful thing which many imagine. How unreasonable is it to hear men exclaim—it is religion alone that requires a sacrifice; that creates a gloom; that causes hardships and difficulties! No, it is vice, and not religion; that indulges luxury; that follows extravagant fashions, that produces disease; that breaks whole nights of rest; that calls from home to the scenes of dissipation and folly; that requires expence; that hazards life; and at last drags to the pit of woe. These, oh! fruitful parent of woe, are but part of thy numerous progeny! Miserable man! who art living under thy galling chains, lost to liberty, to happiness and to God.

Happiness is the great object of our wishes and pursuits; but you neglect the very path in which it can be obtained. Religion is the only medium by which it can be possessed. It is by attending to the invitations of God, and under the influence of his spirit, renouncing the world, and embracing him as the only hope of pardon and felicity. The joys of life can never yield you real satisfaction; they may for a moment amuse you, but they are short-lived in their duration; they leave behind them an aching void, a chasm, which the more substantial realities of religion alone can supply. The pleasures derived from a knowledge of the Son of God, are unlike those of the world; they afford us that peace and tranquility of mind, to which the votaries of this life are strangers; they make us happy in time, and enable us to look forward to futurity, in hope of enjoying all the felicity of the saints in the kingdom of God, where we shall bask in the beams of the sun of righteousness, and partake of that bliss, of which “it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive.”

You may perhaps say—it is yet time enough to attend to religious things; religion tends to enervate the mind, and dispose it to melancholy ideas. Whoever suggested this, be assured is an enemy to your eternal happiness.—Remember, death is certain as to his visits, though of the exact period we are ignorant; his message admits of no delay; his summons is peremptory; and how awful will be your situation, if, at his approach, you should be unprepared! none ever repented of too early a knowledge of the Saviour; but all who have tasted the sweet influence of his love, can testify, that in his ways they have experienced those supreme delights, which have raised their expectations to God as the summit of their hopes, and made them long for that period, which would introduce them to all the joys of immortality.

IGDALIA.

FOR THE COMPANION.

THE PEDESTRIAN—RAMBLE II.

He who is destitute of publick spirit, richly deserves our satire...but he who deliberately blasts the fair flower of female innocence, shall meet the unremitting pains of eternal woe.

Again I heard him knock at the back door—the sound appeared to increase as in haste it ascended the serpentine course of our stair-case, until it reached my chamber door—here it halted with a certain familiarity that induced me to say, as I sprang up, “it comes from Leander.”—Pushing aside the curtain, I looked out, and beheld it was broad day light. It was on a Sunday morning; not a hammer moving; nor the least noise in any one street of this busy city. As I raised the window I exclaimed, Oh FATHER! thanks be unto thee for the return of such a morn.

Leander would not have interrupted the pious ejaculation, had he understood me—but he supposed I was speaking to the servant—and he demanded to know my reason for tarrying so long, shut up in an unwholesome chamber, and excluded from the beauties of such a day. You promised to call on me, continued he, half an hour earlier than this. I acknowledge, my friend, I intended so—but you must not insist that I *promised*, for I never speak positively on these occasions: besides, I was kept up last evening until a later hour than is usual with me—which has prevented my waking so early as common; this you must accept as an apology for my supposed inattention.

Not wishing to disturb any member of our sleepy family, I soon joined Leander at the back door—Yes, at the back door!—and pray tell me, ye lordly, domineering mortals, who had rather buffet a dozen servants a dozen times over than condescend to throw back a window-shutter, where was the crime if I departed early in the morning from my own lodgings, down the vulgar alley, and reaching the street through a common gate-way, was well on my journey before one of you great ones could have adjusted a cravat?

Joining Leander at the back door, we proceeded down street; endeavouring by the rapid succession of steps to make up part of the loss time. As we were crossing the Falls on that assemblage of timber called

GAY-STREET BRIDGE,

whose substantial abutments, and beautiful turned arches received no great praise from us, Leander said; though it might bear us safely over, yet no sufficient reason could be assigned why the city should be discredited by such bridges. Here, continued he, as he stopped me on the middle of the bridge, we are blessed with a most beautiful

creek passing through this opulent city—and from our penurious disposition, or from the want of public taste, we endanger our lives by attempting to cross it. Baltimore having advanced within a few years from a small town to a large city of great commercial consequence—that time having passed by when our citizens had neither leisure nor ability to turn their attention to public improvements, he thought it ridiculous to preserve those monuments of poorer times, instead of ornamenting in some measure the passages over a stream, by presenting us with which Nature has particularly favoured us, both as it respects health and convenience.—Leander said they might cite the court house in defence; but this was a beggarly argument—he hoped the barbarous fabrick which the people of Baltimore stiled *Court House* might not be argued in extenuation of the want of taste in men of good sense and publick spirit. Court house!—it courts my contempt, added Leander.—This conversation being occasioned by the impulse of the moment—and now having passed the bridge, and the city limits too, we thought no more of it, nor the improvements of Baltimore, but hastened over Hampstead Hill: arriving on its eastern declivity, from whence, though not a mile and an half distant, you can see nothing of Baltimore. The sun was just ascending from his oriental couch; and we concluded to sit down and observe in silence the beautiful scenes at

SUNRISE.

Here shall the soul meditate in quiet—no busines to obtrude, no cares to ruffle the sweet calm within. Two of thy children, NATURE, now admire thy stupendous work—and, admiring thee, trace upwards the golden chain which connects the soul of the good man to the Parent of all good, even Nature's God.—Smoothly glide thy waves, Patapsaco—until lost behind the tall oaks of Canton,—

Hush! cried Leander—hear what they are saying about “the poor girl.” Two young men, who, from the place and hour, might have been supposed of our own cast, approached on the other side of a plank frame—and, without perceiving us, sat down within a few feet of the very plank which supported the impatient Leander and the writer hereof. The subject of their conversation was “a poor girl,” from the only expression we had heard—this was sufficient to engage our attention. Just at the place where the fence separated the two pair of rambles, it was impossible to see through it—and as we were conscious of not having come here to listen to their discourse, we felt no desire to shut our ears to a story which might often be told with truth by those whose brutal actions de-

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grade the character of man. You promised, said one of our neighbours, you would inform me of the whole matter; I did, replied the other; but I am so circumstanced that you must engage never to discover from whom you received the information. This being promised, the narrator began to read a manuscript, which contained an historical, pathetick account of the life and sufferings of Susan S——

' SUSAN S—— is the daughter of a respectable farmer of Bucks county, Pennsylvania. Her father, Mr. S. was one of the society of Friends—but, partaking of the enthusiasm which fired the breasts of many a brave American during the memorable contest for independence, he entered the ranks of that little band of quaker-warriors, who resigned the discipline of these exemplary people for that of the director of battles, affording their ready assistance in annoying the common enemy. Soon after entering the service, duty called Mr. S. under General Washington, to the hard-fought battle of Brandywine; it was here the gallant Mr. S. fighting by the side of La Fayette, received his death from the same volley which wounded the noble marquis. He dyed a willing martyr in the cause of his country's freedom.—Honoured be thy memory, brave S——!

' Thus in the early part of the war was his country deprived of an useful officer, his wife of an affectionate husband, and his infant daughter of a tender parent.—Alas, "poor girl," as yet thou wast not sensible of thy loss!

' Every thing in confusion on the defeat of the American army, Mrs. S. could have little hopes of living comfortably in the wilds of the interior, amidst the noise and desolation of war; she very prudently mortgaged her farm, and proceeded to Philadelphia—where with no other incumbrance than the infant Susan, she hoped, by the assistance of a respectable relation of her deceased husband, she might yet live as comfortably as the nature of the times would permit. Philadelphia was now in possession of the enemy—but her relation being of that party, this was rather a favourable circumstance; she and her child, became a part of the family—anticipating calmer times, she placed her small fortune in the hands of her patron and kinsman, for the purpose of mercantile speculation. He had realised a handsome property, when Philadelphia, from a change of the fortune of war, was triumphantly entered by Washington at the head of the American army—and according to the spirit of the times, her guardian being convicted of disaffection, was banished, and every shilling confiscated—he was a wid-

ower and without children, and thus enabled to seek his fortune in a foreign clime—while his unhappy sister-in-law, with her daughter, was left a helpless widow; no hospitable door to receive her, no friend to protect her child.

' Mrs. S. had received a good education—and was of too delicate a constitution to sustain the hardships of poverty.—Having lost her all, she applied herself to the instruction of children—in which employment she made out to gain a scanty living—and in the course of a few years, by assiduous application, she had laid a good foundation for the education of her daughter; but it was an exhausting nature—fatigued by her daily task; disheartened at her friendless situation; she fast approached to that life, where wars never rage; where the cruel policy of man can never reach. In the spring of 1784, though peace had been a year proclaimed, yet could she hear nothing from the only relation now living—her spirit broken, she was attacked by a fever, which, assisted by the anguish of her mind when she reflected on the dangerous situation of her child, carried her off in a few days. A day or two before her death, having her little Susan brought to her bed side, in a faint voice she addressed for the last time a few parting words to the sweet innocent—who, at the age of six years, was sensible of her fond mother's situation—she wept aloud—whilst the dying parent fixed her o'erflowing eyes on the distressed countenance of her child—and "though speechless her tongue, yet does she look unutterable things—while all her soft passions throb with unavailing kindness, and her soul bleeds with exquisite anguish!"

And tell me, sir, exclaimed Leander, what became of Susan?—This abrupt behaviour surprised the reader, as well as myself—he stood up to enquire what invisible personage thus addressed him; in a few minutes Leander effected a passage over the fence, and was requesting the gentlemen to go on—he added, that he had heard his father speak often of Mr. S. and the "poor girl;" but never could prevail on him to repeat the story. Ah! my good sir, replied the gentlemen, if you only knew this "poor girl" and her whole history, you would hate the infernal tiger, who, in the shape of man, and with the deceitful tongue of a seducer, destroys the innocence and happiness of his fellow-creatures. But I know not to whom I now address myself; perhaps you may be yourself another ALBERT; do you ever frequent those houses of——

Here I observed the rising indignation of Leander—who I verily believe would immediately have attacked the stranger, had I not stepped forward, and desired them

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to understand each other. Leander recollecting himself, readily forgave the insinuation—knowing it must have had its rise in that virtuous abhorrence of a vice which they both so violently and so justly reprobated.

The gentleman acknowledged he had been at the trouble of taking a copy of the story, which he would lend us, on our giving him our names, and promising faithfully to return it uninjured.

With this rich treat, after having learned our friend's residence we concluded to return home—and satisfy ourselves with regard to the fate of the "poor girl." I say our friend's residence, for we were certainly all friends, after the explanation which took place—and perhaps the greater friends of a quick acquaintance, from the very circumstance of that acquaintance being formed in so novel and unexpected a manner.

We now returned to town, without making any comment on bridges, or knowing any person we met with—to read that story of which, if you please, Mr. Easy, I will from time to time give you an account—together with some reflections in my own way, naturally enough arising out of the subject.

RABIO.

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Mr. Easy,

I sincerely sympathize with your correspondent MOLLY GOODHEART; as I can perceive she is surrounded by those gentry commonly called Fops or Bucks, who by their babbling like small streams show their shallowness. But, sir, she forgets the cause; for the ladies encourage them by alluring smiles, while the frown and sneer of contempt is too often all the more discerning receive, because no flattery, from them (the darling of the female sex) hails the coquette, or salutes the finished lady at her appearance. Miss Goodheart has very justly described the present deplorable state of young men, "seduced by the syren allurements of pleasing, though profligate associates"—and I may also add, drawn aside from their avocations by the pleasing reception which the ladies commonly give them. The remedy then is very evident; let them despise the Fop, he will mend his manners and correct his dress—let them avoid the society of libertines—they will reform and desert the paths of dishonour, to gain their approbation—let them encourage the man of talents and virtue—and the ladies need not despair!—they will "unite their fate with beings" not "destitute of those qualities which are calculated to ensure domestic happiness."

In the early part of my life, I entered the lists of gallantry; but unhappy me! I could not conform to the prevailing fashions, or bear to hear the nonsensical prattle of

fools, by whom the ladies were mostly environed. I therefore flew from their company, and determined never to join their society again. During the time of my acquaintance with the ladies, I had discovered some (too few, I am sorry to declare it,) who despised the unmeaning jargon of fops; with these still I am on good terms, and with these I would gladly rank Miss Goodheart, whose character I already know by her essay, and the account of whose life would delight, and there is no doubt would instruct, if not all your readers, at least the *unfashionable*

GEORGE GRAVITY.

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Mr. Easy,

I was truly surprised, when I read the description of the LAZY CLUB in your last Companion; for being a member of that institution, I never suspected that any of the Club, much less an officer, would disclose its secrets. The publicity he endeavours to afford to the society would have deserved our thanks had it not been the peculiar care of its devotees to keep its establishment a secret, fearful lest the multiplicity of applications to be admitted would render the society the receptacle of every "Lazy" fellow who would wish to share its benefits. Mr. Sluggard has very justly observed that if the existence of such a society was known, the number of its votaries would exceed any institution, not excepting the widely extended one of masonry.

I shall not trouble you, Mr. Easy, with any more animadversions on the piece of our secretary. But shall notify to him that unless he will suffer the society to remain as heretofore "uncelebrated," his expulsion from the society shall be moved, by

NICK SLOTHFUL.

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SELECTED.

*Singular adventure of Count Beaumont.*

(Concluded from page 327.)

Dangerous as his fall was, he received no hurt by it.—The pit was not very deep; and though the manner of his descent was frightful, he could not possibly be killed by it; it was a board so nicely poized, that a foot treading upon either end of it, sunk it immediately, and the person slid down with rapidity on a heap of straw and hay, so that the fall was broke.

As soon as the count was in this subterraneous place, he saw himself enclosed by a company of spirits in human shape, whom his fall had drawn round him. He judged by their looks that they breathed, and were somewhat surprised at his unexpected visit, as he was too, to find himself so surrounded. They did not give him time to rec-



lect himself, or to gaze upon them : They blindfolded and disarmed him, and led him to a neighbouring cavern, where they shut him up.

The Count had his wits about him, and, in spite of his trouble, he immediately conceived that these were chymists, in full search of the Philosopher's Stone, or perhaps clippers and coiners, or, it may be, both; however, he could never make the discovery: but the precautions they took to conceal their employment from him, their situation so near the frontiers, whence they might easily quit the realm at the least alarm, and the frightful noise they made every night in the castle, to drive away the curious and impertinent, persuaded him that they pursued some dangerous employ. This consideration taught the Count all the horrible danger which he had thrown himself into; and soon he was on the brink of that danger. From this place of confinement, he plainly heard them consulting what to do with him: all voted his death, but one; who, with more humanity, was for sending him back, after a discovery of his quality. Though the Count thought his death inevitable, yet he begged to speak to them before they took their last resolution. They led him out of his dungeon into the midst of their assembly, and permitted him to speak.

"I understand, gentlemen, (said he to them) how much reason you have to get rid of me. My indiscretion deserves death, and I accept it; but give me leave to represent to you, that your ruin must infallibly follow it. I think myself obliged to declare my name and quality: I am the Count of Beaumont, Brigadier-General of his majesty's forces: I was going from the army to my own estate. The bad weather kept me in this village, where I have all my equipage: my valet, who lay at my bed's foot, must have made his escape, and apprized my people of my adventure; they'll certainly search into it; and be assured, that if they don't find me, they'll pull down the castle, but that they'll find out what is become of me.—Consider it, gentlemen: I don't design to threaten you; but how necessary soever my death may appear to your security, I think myself obliged to assure you that it will certainly ruin you. If you doubt my quality, the letters in my pocket, with orders from his majesty, will confirm my testimony." The count produced his letters; and while these Cyclops examined them, he added, "Sirs, I am a gentleman, and can keep a secret, without desiring to know your's; and I swear, by my faith and honour, I won't betray you."—This speech, which he made with that dignity which never abandons great men in distress,

astonished them all. They sent him back to his cave, to renew their deliberations.

They now gave into softer counsels; though some still persisted in advising his death, but those in less number, and with less vehemence than before. The debates, which the Count heard distinctly, would have alarmed a heart less great than his; for besides the idea of death, which was always present, every one framed a different punishment, and made him feel all the horrors of it. Even death itself, in my opinion, is preferable to this cruel vicissitude of hope and despair. The Count, however, calmly waited for his sentence. The votes were unanimous in his favour; they brought him out again. One of the subterranean crew pronounced him at liberty, on condition, he swore an inviolable secrecy, and would leave the village and his servants in that notion of spirits which they already entertained; and that, when he was out of the province, he would not mention the adventure. After these oaths, they gave him his arms and letters, except one, which they kept. They made him drink some glasses of wine: the whole company drank to his health, and, after having made him sensible what a risque they ran in sparing his life, they opened the trap-door, and two guides led him towards his apartment. As soon as he was upon the stair-case, the guides took off his bandage, and returned to their cavern.

The Count returned to his chamber, amazed at his adventure; but had like to have met with a more terrible one from his valet. The poor fellow, quite sobered by his fears, was in despair when he missed the Count. He concluded that the spirits had strangled him, according to the stories of the night before. Full of grief for his dear master, he even mistook him when he entered, and, taking him for the spectre, let fly his pistol at him. By a providential stroke the pistol missed, and the Count made himself known. The poor servant was ready to die with shame and horror at the misfortune he had escaped, and implored his master's forgiveness. The Count, without staying to hear him, bid him follow him; for he thought quitting the castle a better security than the mutual oaths in the cavern, since it was possible they might recant their's. They went together, and waited for day-light in the avenue leading to the village; and the Count told his man, that having followed the spectre with his arms in his hand, after several rounds it buried itself in a sort of a well, which he was almost decoyed into, and that he had much ado to find his room again. When it was day he went to the Curate, and told him the same story, which soon spread itself through the village; and having sent for his bed and his cloaths, he continued his journey.



Several years passed before the Count mentioned his adventure; and he had never divulged it, without the express permission which he has since received. One day, when he was at his country seat, they told him a man wanted to communicate to him an important affair, and that he could not stay nor come into the castle. The Count surprised at the message, sent for the messenger, and ordered his people to enquire whence he came. The messenger again answered, that he must not come in, nor wait, nor name his masters; and notwithstanding all their persuasions, he persisted in staying upon the draw-bridge.

The Count, who was at dinner, communicated this extraordinary message to the gentlemen at table with him, and asked their advice. Some found reasons to distrust where there was so much mystery, and were for securing the messenger; but the majority advised the Count to go and speak with him, for fear of losing some advice of consequence to his safety, and offered to accompany him. The counsel prevailed: the Count rose from table, and, with all those gentlemen, went to the bridge where the messenger waited. When the messenger saw him, he cried out, fear nothing, Sir; and, to prove that I have no ill design, I discharge my arms. Immediately he shot off his pistols towards the fields. Then the Count approaching, the messenger, without dismounting, put into his hands two noble Spanish horses; which he led; and delivering a packet, said to him, This, Sir, will inform you further; I have finished my commission, and my orders oblige me to depart. At the end of this speech he spurred his horse, and went off full gallop; nor could they ever find out where he retired to.

The Count wondered at this commission, and was impatient to know the authors and the motives of it. He gave the gentleman next him the horses to hold, and opened the letter. - He found it wrote in various characters; and after having well considered it, he read it aloud. As well as I can remember, it was to this effect:

"We thank you, Sir, for having hitherto preserved a secret in our favour, and we have sent two horses as instances of our gratitude. We have sent too an important letter, which you left such a day, and such a year, at the castle of——. It may put you in mind of a strange adventure which happened to you there. We have happily concluded our affair, and returned to our own homes. We disengage you from your oaths and your secret: we shall tell your adventure ourselves, and give you permission to publish it. Adieu, generous Count.—This comes from the six gentlemen who put you into such a fright in the cellars of the castle of——."

After reading this letter, the Count yet doubted whether he ought to divulge the secret; but, at the instances of the gentlemen then with him, he told them his singular adventure, and took a pleasure in repeating it on all occasions.

#### A PERSIAN FABLE.

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lect himself, or to gaze upon them : They blindfolded and disarmed him, and led him to a neighbouring cavern, where they shut him up.

The Count had his wits about him, and, in spite of his trouble, he immediately conceived that these were chymists, in full search of the Philosopher's Stone, or perhaps clippers and coiners, or, it may be, both; however, he could never make the discovery: but the precautions they took to conceal their employment from him, their situation so near the frontiers, whence they might easily quit the realm at the least alarm, and the frightful noise they made every night in the castle, to drive away the curious and impertinent, persuaded him that they pursued some dangerous employ. This consideration taught the Count all the horrible danger which he had thrown himself into; and soon he was on the brink of that danger. From this place of confinement, he plainly heard them consulting what to do with him: all voted his death, but one; who, with more humanity, was for sending him back, after a discovery of his quality. Though the Count thought his death inevitable, yet he begged to speak to them before they took their last resolution. They led him out of his dungeon into the midst of their assembly, and permitted him to speak.

"I understand, gentlemen, (said he to them) how much reason you have to get rid of me. My indiscretion deserves death, and I accept it; but give me leave to represent to you, that your ruin must infallibly follow it. I think myself obliged to declare my name and quality: I am the Count of Beaumont, Brigadier-General of his majesty's forces: I was going from the army to my own estate. The bad weather kept me in this village, where I have all my equipage: my valet, who lay at my bed's foot, must have made his escape, and apprized my people of my adventure; they'll certainly search into it; and be assured, that if they don't find me, they'll pull down the castle, but that they'll find out what is become of me.—Consider it, gentlemen: I don't design to threaten you; but how necessary soever my death may appear to your security, I think myself obliged to assure you that it will certainly ruin you. If you doubt my quality, the letters in my pocket, with orders from his majesty, will confirm my testimony." The count produced his letters; and while these Cyclops examined them, he added, "Sirs, I am a gentleman, and can keep a secret, without desiring to know your's; and I swear, by my faith and honour, I won't betray you."—This speech, which he made with that dignity which never abandons great men in distress,

astonished them all. They sent him back to his cave, to renew their deliberations.

They now gave into softer counsels; though some still persisted in advising his death, but those in less number, and with less vehemence than before. The debates, which the Count heard distinctly, would have alarmed a heart less great than his; for besides the idea of death, which was always present, every one framed a different punishment, and made him feel all the horrors of it. Even death itself, in my opinion, is preferable to this cruel vicissitude of hope and despair. The Count, however, calmly waited for his sentence. The votes were unanimous in his favour; they brought him out again. One of the subterranean crew pronounced him at liberty, on condition, he swore an inviolable secrecy, and would leave the village and his servants in that notion of spirits which they already entertained; and that, when he was out of the province, he would not mention the adventure. After these oaths, they gave him his arms and letters, except one, which they kept. They made him drink some glasses of wine: the whole company drank to his health, and, after having made him sensible what a risque they ran in sparing his life, they opened the trap-door, and two guides led him towards his apartment. As soon as he was upon the stair-case, the guides took off his bandage, and returned to their cavern.

The Count returned to his chamber, amazed at his adventure; but had like to have met with a more terrible one from his valet. The poor fellow, quite sobered by his fears, was in despair when he missed the Count. He concluded that the spirits had strangled him, according to the stories of the night before. Full of grief for his dear master, he even mistook him when he entered, and, taking him for the spectre, let fly his pistol at him. By a providential stroke the pistol missed, and the Count made himself known. The poor servant was ready to die with shame and horror at the misfortune he had escaped, and implored his master's forgiveness. The Count, without staying to hear him, bid him follow him; for he thought quitting the castle a better security than the mutual oaths in the cavern, since it was possible they might recant their's. They went together, and waited for day-light in the avenue leading to the village; and the Count told his man, that having followed the spectre with his arms in his hand, after several rounds it buried itself in a sort of a well, which he was almost decoyed into, and that he had much ado to find his room again. When it was day he went to the Curate, and told him the same story, which soon spread itself through the village; and having sent for his bed and his cloaths, he continued his journey.



Several years passed before the Count mentioned his adventure; and he had never divulged it, without the express permission which he has since received. One day, when he was at his country seat, they told him a man wanted to communicate to him an important affair, and that he could not stay nor come into the castle. The Count surprised at the message, sent for the messenger, and ordered his people to enquire whence he came. The messenger again answered, that he must not come in, nor wait, nor name his masters; and notwithstanding all their persuasions, he persisted in staying upon the draw-bridge.

The Count, who was at dinner, communicated this extraordinary message to the gentlemen at table with him, and asked their advice. Some found reasons to distrust where there was so much mystery, and were for securing the messenger; but the majority advised the Count to go and speak with him, for fear of losing some advice of consequence to his safety, and offered to accompany him. The counsel prevailed: the Count rose from table, and, with all those gentlemen, went to the bridge where the messenger waited. When the messenger saw him, he cried out, fear nothing, Sir; and, to prove that I have no ill design, I discharge my arms. Immediately he shot off his pistols towards the fields. Then the Count approaching, the messenger, without dismounting, put into his hands two noble Spanish horses; which he led; and delivering a packet, said to him, This, Sir, will inform you further; I have finished my commission, and my orders oblige me to depart. At the end of this speech he spurred his horse, and went off full gallop; nor could they ever find out where he retired to.

The Count wondered at this commission, and was impatient to know the authors and the motives of it. He gave the gentleman next him the horses to hold, and opened the letter. He found it wrote in various characters; and after having well considered it, he read it aloud. As well as I can remember, it was to this effect:

"We thank you, Sir, for having hitherto preserved a secret in our favour, and we have sent two horses as instances of our gratitude. We have sent too an important letter, which you left such a day, and such a year, at the castle of——. It may put you in mind of a strange adventure which happened to you there. We have happily concluded our affair, and returned to our own homes. We disengage you from your oaths and your secret: we shall tell your adventure ourselves, and give you permission to publish it. Adieu, generous Count.—This comes from the six gentlemen who put you into such a fright in the cellars of the castle of——."

After reading this letter, the Count yet doubted whether he ought to divulge the secret; but, at the instances of the gentlemen then with him, he told them his singular adventure, and took a pleasure in repeating it on all occasions.

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## ORIGINAL POETRY.

*Lines written at the SANS SOUCI HOTEL, Ball Town Springs.*

Where polish'd manners, social ease,  
And friendly converse join to please;  
Where fashion's folly, city pride,  
And cold reserve are thrown aside;  
Where sordid cares are left behind,  
And fancy frolick's unconfin'd;  
Where sweetly shines in females' faces,  
Not beauty's airs, but all her graces;  
Where the gay dance and simple song,  
By turns amuse the cheerful throng;  
Where, while the sparkling wine goes round,  
By some fair toast the glass is crown'd;—  
Where such inviting pleasures be,  
How shall I quit thee, SANS SOUCI?

E.

## TO MISS M——H——OF WASHINGTON.

Tho' few, very few, were the hours of delight  
That erst cheer'd me on life's dreary way;  
Tho' hope's fairy visions had fled from my sight,  
And despair had long clouded my day;

Yet, as late, by some angel of happiness led,  
My dim eye caught the lustre of thine,  
And drank with delight the bright beams that it shed,  
Oh heav'n's, what pure raptures were mine!

So the sun will most kindly appear midst the storm,  
And abroad shed the lustre of day;  
To dispel the dread gloom of the tempest's dark form,  
And gladden mankind with its ray.

Yet chide not, sweet fair, nor awaken my woe;  
Comfort seldom revisits this breast.  
I do not approach as a lover—oh no:  
To me 'tis not giv'n to be blest.

While others address you with splendour and art,  
What hope can be cherished by me?  
Who boast not of fortune—but only a heart  
Enamoured of virtue and thee.

B.

## THE CONTENTED MAN.

From me has fortune lock'd her store;  
No golden heaps I boast.  
I wish to live, but wish not more  
Than competence at most.

When seated by my own fire side  
My infant climbs my knee,  
How smoothly do the moments glide,  
• Beguil'd by infancy.

The rich man passes scornful by,  
Of wealth and grandeur vain;  
He frowns with supercilious eye;  
I smile at his disdain.

He points to coffers fill'd by art,  
Wrung from chill'd poverty;  
I boast an honest humble heart,  
From pride and envy free.

YELSE.

## SONG.

Doom'd at distance still to sorrow,  
Far from all my heart holds dear;  
Flattering hope still says "to-morrow  
"Thy lov'd William shall appear."

Often too, thou fondly bid'st me,  
To the green-wood bower repair;  
Anxious waiting to receive me,  
I should meet my lover there.

Long, ah long, have I been waiting,  
Long I've sought the valley o'er;  
At our wonted place of meeting,  
I behold my love no more.

Go, then, hope! no more deceive me,  
I have found thy promise vain:  
Long, too long, have I believ'd thee,  
Thou shalt ne'er deceive again.

CLARA.

## TO THE EASY CLUB.

Your invitation \* sure was form'd to charm,  
So kind, so modest, and so neat the stile;  
Indeed it made my spirits mighty warm;  
In truth, good sirs, they almost 'gan to boil:  
In transport lost, I strike the tuneful lyre!  
Resolved to tell the thoughts your praise inspire!!

Dear sirs, I feel the greatest inclination,  
Since I'm convinced that Poetry my trade is,  
To try to gain a greater reputation,  
And to be dubb'd the Laureat to the ladies:  
Should I but gain the height of my desire,  
Lord! with what magic skill I'll thrum the lyre.

Methinks indeed 'tis vastly neat and pretty  
To tell the sweet fair ladies all must love them,  
In a sweet melancholy love-sick ditty;  
And then with sighs and tears to try to move them:  
But some indeed there are—the cunning elves—  
Would rather move their tongues, than move themselves.

I'll write them *Invitations, Odes, and Sonnets,*  
And *sweetest letters*, both in verse and prose;  
I'll praise the cut and trimmings of their bonnets,  
The taste and fashion of their other clothes;  
And then I'll sing about *meandering streams,*  
*Thickets, Woods, Ditches,* and such pleasing themes.

Sometimes for pretty songs I'll send to France—  
For well I know the ladies highly rate them—  
Their being foreign will their worth enhance,  
And then to shew my learning I'll *translate* them:  
I'll coin new names, and such as should surprise ye,  
And scorn to use Amanda or Eliza.

Now, gentle sirs, what think you of my plan?  
I've promis'd much—but, Harkee! I'll do more;  
Speak to the ladies, tell 'em I'm their man:  
I'll write for two, for six, for eight or four:  
I'll clear those rhyming gentry "sheet and tackle,"  
And quickly cleanse the muses' tabernacle. SOLUS.

\* Alluding to the notes to Correspondents in verse; see No. 39.

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